

THE BEDAN.

APRIL 28th, 1953.

CONTENTS

	Page.
Staff and School Officials	4
Staff Changes	5
Coronation	6
Founders' Day	9
Speech Day	10
Parent-Teacher Association	11
The School Parliament	11
Loan and Scholarship Fund	12
School Charities	12
Student Christian Movement	13
Music	13
Drama	15
School Societies	15
French for Pleasure !	17
The Guild of Old Bedans	18
Competition Essay	18
Athletics	20
Prizes, 1951-52	22
Examination Successes	24
Prose and Verse	25

BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1952—1953.

Head Mistress	Miss Moul.
Second Mistress	Miss Carrick (Chemistry).
Form Schol. VII.	Miss Waggott (English).
„ Up. VI. Arts 1 and Science	Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
„ Up. V. Arts 2	Miss Carlin (Biology).
Student Teachers	Miss Harding (Biology).
Form L.VI. Arts 1 and Science	Miss Kinch (Mathematics).
„ L.VI. Arts 2	Miss Hayton (History).
„ V. General	Miss Robson (English).
„ V. Domestic Science	Miss Hall (Domestic Science).
„ IV. C.	Miss Duns (German).
„ IV. B.m.	Mrs. Twigg (Geography).
„ IV. B.a.	Mrs. Wilkinson (General Science).
„ III.C.	Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).
„ III.Bm.	Mrs. Fisher (French and Latin).
„ III.Ba.	Miss Norman (Art).
„ II.C.	Miss Bell (Divinity).
„ II.B.	Miss Fall (English)
„ II.H.	Mr. Rogers (History).
„ I.C.	Miss Cunningham (English).
„ I.B.	Miss Woodford (Spanish & French).
Miss Bernard (Music).			
Miss Crone (Art).			
Miss Heslop (Geography).			
Miss Metcalf (Physical Education).			
Mrs. Simson (Physical Education).			
Miss Taylor (French).			

Mr. Cox (Classics).

Mr. Hartley (Music).

Mr. Hymas (Divinity and English).

Mr. Shrimpton (Spanish and English).

Mr. Taylor (Physics).

Visiting Staff ... Miss Elliott (Violin).

Miss Hunter (Pianoforte).

School Secretary: Miss Gibbons.

Dining-Hall Superintendent: Miss Hornberger.

Laboratory Assistants: Audrey Nash, Sheila Greig.

Captain of School: Muriel Hedley.

Vice-Captain: Elspeth Fyfe.

Tennis Captain (Summer, 1952): Joyce Nisbet.

Rounders Captain (Summer, 1952): Pat Kirtley.

Netball Captain (1952-53): Eleanor Lennon.

Hockey Captain (1952-53): Joyce Young.

Staff Changes

During the last twelve months we have said good-bye with much regret to Miss Ferguson, Miss Holmes, Mrs. Hurst, Miss Lax and Mrs. Seales: to each of them we send affectionate greetings and good wishes. We look forward to having news of them.

We offer a warm welcome to those who have joined the staff: Mrs. Simson, Mr. Hymas, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Shrimpton. We hope that they will be very happy in their work here.

Coronation

Coronation Day is five weeks ahead. London will blaze with colour, and the majestic city, metropolis of the British Empire, will be the hub of the world. The gorgeous robes of notables in every walk of life, the glitter of musket and harness and jewelled decoration, the strutting heralds, the trooping of colours, the fanfare of trumpets, the bustle of moving men, the shouts of souvenir vendors, the pageant of the passing of high dignitaries in church and state, will bring back to our modern Babylon the pomp of the first Elizabeth's day: a splendour that Drake and Raleigh shared.

The act of coronation is dispensable. It is not the crowning that makes a queen. King William IV., on a plea of economy, discussed with his ministers the advisability of doing without the ceremony. Edward VIII, still alive as Duke of Windsor, succeeded his father and reigned for forty-six weeks. He abdicated before he was crowned. Edward I, on crusade for three years after accession, dates his reign from the moment of the death of his father. In Britain the eldest son succeeds, and if there is no male heir, the eldest daughter.

While it is true that the law of hereditary succession brings Elizabeth II to the throne, it must be remembered that the real sovereign of Britain is the people. Through Parliament the people can alter the succession, as was done in 1936 when the Duke of York, brother of Edward VIII, was raised to the throne. Parliament, which is the voice of the people, has authority to confirm a succession as it did with Charles II, or to invalidate it, as it did by deposing and beheading Charles I.

Elizabeth succeeds by right of birth but she needs to be accepted by her people. If there is any single, indispensable act, it is the heir's appearing before the Accession Council. This meets immediately on the death of the sovereign to carry out the formalities for proclaiming the successor. The Accession Council is a reminder of the days when there was no Parliament. The Lords of the Council were then the principal officers of the royal household and were always on the spot to deal with household problems. Two days after the death of George VI this ancient Council met and proclaimed the Princess Elizabeth to be "Queen of this Realm and her other realms and territories, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith."

A coronation serves to remind us of the antiquity of our kingdom. The ceremony on June 2nd will be, in all essentials, similar to the coronation of William the Conqueror, though the idea of placing a crown on the head of the reigning monarch, in recognition of his power, goes back at least six thousand years.

Early on the morning of June 2nd the Regalia of England, crowns, spurs, swords, sceptres, orbs, will be given by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who have overnight received them from the Tower, into the hands of the State officials who are to carry them in procession. This handing over has a ceremony all its own. Prebendaries of the Abbey in splendid copes receive the regalia from the Dean and form a procession. The Dean, carrying St. Edward's crown, leads through the cloisters and St. Faith's Chapel into the Abbey. The regalia is received by the Dean at the Altar, placed upon it for blessing, returned to the Prebendaries, and the procession moves to the west door. Here the Lord Chamberlain of the household, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the several noblemen who act as bearers of the regalia are waiting. To the Lord Chamberlain the Dean delivers the precious pieces.

Meanwhile the Abbey is filling up with its invited guests. Leaders in many walks of life are present. Outside the Abbey a great concourse assembles in astonishing order. A mosaic of colour begins to build up beneath its grey walls: scarlet page-boys, ermine-clad nobles, ladies of high birth, their jewels winking in the light, Knights of the Grand Cross, the College of Heralds, and church dignitaries in gorgeous apparel. The royal guests from Buckingham Palace arrive and are led to their seats. Last comes the Queen to be received at the west door by officers of state, the officials with the regalia, and the bishops bearing the paten, chalice and Bible. The procession advances up the nave. The choristers begin the anthem, "I was glad when they said I will go into the house of the Lord." The coronation service has begun.

Down the nave comes the long colourful procession, led by the Abbey Beadle: Chaplains and Prebendaries, the Dean of Westminster Abbey, the various orders of knighthood, heralds, standard bearers, great officers of state, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord President, the Lord Steward, the Primate of York and Canterbury, the bearers of the regalia, the Lord Mayor of London, and the Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable with the sword of state between them. The orb, crown and sceptre are borne past. Then the Queen comes, between two bishops, Bath and Wells, and Durham. Gentlemen at Arms walk on either side, train-bearers walk behind, then officers of the forces and of the royal household, and last, the Yeomen of the Guard. All pass to their seats. The Queen ascends a platform built in the centre of the Abbey. The Dean of Westminster, Garter King at Arms, and great officers precede her, and she moves to the Chair of State.

A hush falls on the Abbey. The Archbishop performs the Recognition, the first act of the coronation service. The Queen stands, and the Archbishop says in a ringing voice, "Sirs, I present unto you Queen Elizabeth, the rightful inheritor of the crown of this realm. Wherefore, all ye who are come this day to do your homage, service and bounden duty, are ye willing to do the same?" This is an invitation to the assembly to declare its acceptance of the new sovereign. Four times the invitation is delivered from each side of the platform, the Queen turning to face the side which the Archbishop addresses. After each question the scholars of Westminster School raise a shout of recognition and homage in which the assembly joins. This ceremony is a reminder that the sovereign rules, not by right of succession, but by the consent and goodwill of the people. This tremendous assertion of the real focus of British power would be lost, were there no coronation.

The Act of Recognition is followed by a fanfare and the national anthem. Then the communion service begins, for the coronation service is incorporated in the Eucharist. This religious act emphasises the priestly nature of the kingly office, and the mystical union of sovereign, people, and God. After the sermon the Queen takes the coronation oath, a solemn pledge to her people to observe the laws and customs of the land. The Archbishop, standing in front of the Queen, asks, "Madam, is Your Majesty willing to take the oath?" "I am willing." "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions thereto belonging according to statutes in parliament agreed on?" "I solemnly promise so to do." "Will you preserve inviolable the settlement of the church of England, its doctrine, worship, discipline and government as by law established?" "All this I promise." Then the Queen, assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the sword of state being carried before her, goes to the altar and there, laying her right hand upon the Bible, which is offered by the Archbishop as she kneels, she says, "The things which I have here before you promised I will perform and keep, so help me God." Then the Queen kisses the Bible and signs the oath on a piece of vellum attached to the coronation roll which is a complete official record of the ceremony, later lodged for safe keeping in the Court of Chancery. The pledging of the oath is a solemn pact between people and crown. This precious pledge would be lost without the coronation.

There next follows the anointing with oil, a spiritual sign that the sovereign is invested with a holy office. With an anointing spoon the Archbishop puts oil upon the crown of the head, the breast and the palms of both hands, so that her head and heart and hands may be consecrated, through God's grace, to advance

her people's good. The Queen is then invested with a coif, a sort of surplice without sleeves, and a tunic richly wrought in gold thread. The Lord Great Chamberlain touches her heels with the golden spurs which have been carried in possession. The Sword of Chivalry is girt about her, a sign that she is called upon to do justice and to prevent iniquity. The sword is ungirded, placed upon the altar, redeemed for a hundred shillings by the nobleman who first received it, then drawn from the scabbard and carried naked for the rest of the ceremony.

The Queen is now clothed with the imperial mantle, something like an ecclesiastical robe, richly embroidered with rose, shamrock and thistle. The regalia are now delivered. First the orb is put into her hand, the ruby ring, "the wedding ring of England," is placed upon the fourth finger of her right hand. A glove is presented by the Duke of Newcastle. Then the sceptre with the cross, sign of regal power, is put into her right hand, and the sceptre with dove, sign of royal mercy, into her left. The Queen has assumed the robes and regalia, save only the crown. This is now taken from the altar and placed on her head by the Archbishop. "God save the Queen" rings out. The trumpets sound. The Queen ascends the throne, and the peers render their homage with a kiss on the cheek. The drums beat, the trumpets sound, the people shout, "Long live the Queen." The service ends with the Te Deum.

England has a queen, received, accepted, acclaimed, recognised, pledged to service, anointed and crowned.

W. J. E. MOUL.

Founders' Day Service, 1952

The annual Founders' Day service was held on Tuesday, April the 29th, in Bishopwearmouth Church. The service opened with the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell;" then came the Versicles and Responses led by the Rector, Canon J. F. Richardson. After Psalm 15 (Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle?) the first lesson was read by the Captain of the Boys' School, Donald Aitcheson. The hymn, "Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him," was followed by the second lesson, read by the Captain of the Girls' School, Jean English, and next came the Jubilate, the Creed and Collects. The anthem, "Turn back, O Man," by Gustav Holst, was rendered by the two school choirs, and then the hymn, "Breathe on me, Breath of God" was sung.

The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. H. Hubbard, Canon of York Minster. His main theme was the pattern of life, and the manner in which schools and universities fit into

it. Dr. Hubbard compared life in general with the experience of a man who attempted to fly, using wings, in imitation of the birds which he saw. He was unsuccessful because he did not know the most important factor of the technicalities of flying. The aim of life is to conform to God's plan, for our job is needed, no matter how small it may seem to us. Dr. Hubbard also emphasized the importance of the friendships which we make in our last years at school and at the University, and spoke of the influence which our friends have over us. He illustrated this by telling how he had once played football in the same team as a famous soccer star. This man played such an unselfish and brilliant game that he made all the others on the team seem as good as himself. We will help our friends and they us, and if we make the right kind of friends, we will be better people.

The service closed with the hymn, "O Jesus, I have promised."

All who heard Dr. Hubbard left the church grateful for such an inspiring address. We felt that we had had a beautiful and moving experience, one which we shall never forget.

JOYCE CLASPER and ROSEMARY RICHARDSON.

Speech Day, 1952

Speech Day for the Senior School was held on Thursday evening, 13th November. After the singing of the School Song, the Chairman, Alderman T. L. Ridley, introduced the chief speaker, Mr. J. Renford Bambrough.

Miss Moul, in the name of the School, welcomed Mr. Bambrough, an ex-Bedan, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. In her report, the Head Mistress spoke of the many school activities, and pointed out that the records of the School show how wide a range of careers is followed by former Bede Girls.

Mr. Bambrough, in his address, reminded us that a capacity for judgment and for appreciation is more important than academic attainments, and he expressed the hope that we would strive for qualities of character. He then presented the prizes and certificates.

During the evening, the School Choir sang part-songs, "The Shepherd," "Full Fathom Five," and "Japanese Lullaby." The whole School sang a new setting of "Let all the world in every corner sing."

A vote of thanks was proposed by Councillor Mrs. K. Cohen and seconded by Muriel Hedley, School Captain: with this a very pleasant evening drew to a close.

M. HEDLEY and E. FYFE.

The Parent-Teacher Association

It appears to be the objective of many organisations this year to do something extraordinary; to achieve the unusual. To commemorate Coronation Year an especial effort is required, if the event is to be unique, and in this connection the Parent-Teacher Association of the Bede School hope to mark the occasion by a lasting memorial.

Born significantly in the Jubilee Year of the School, efforts and ideas have been carefully nurtured; committees have met many times, preparations are a-foot and it is anticipated that, at a date to be specified later, the Bede Memorial Library will be opened.

This is one example of how the P.T.A. exists to co-operate with the school for the benefit of the pupil. The presence of many staff and parent members on the various sub-committees indicates a lively interest, and all are to be commended for their enthusiasm.

All parents or guardians of pupils are cordially invited to join the Association and will be warmly welcome among us.

J. W. FYFE (Hon. Joint Secretary).

The School Parliament

The School Parliament now holds its monthly meetings under the chairmanship of the School Captain.

The representatives from each form are able to discuss freely any problems which arise in school. Among the complaints and questions discussed were those relating to new supplies for the Medical Room, and the behaviour of girls in trams and 'buses. Special attention has been paid to the general tidiness and behaviour of the school, and an improvement has been noted.

On behalf of Parliament I should like to thank Miss Carrick for her interest and help in solving our problems

ELSPETH FYFE (Secretary).

The Sunderland Bede Collegiate Girls' School Loan and Scholarship Fund

This fund was established in the year 1924 as a result of £1,000 having been raised by the Guild of Old Bedans. The interest from this money is used to help girls, after leaving school to be trained for any career, either by definite award of scholarships or by loan of money, to be returned when the borrower is in a position to do so.

Any girl, who is leaving school in July and who feels that she is in need of help from this fund, should make application in writing to the Secretary, not later than 15th May, 1953.

K. M. CARRICK (Hon. Secretary).

Report on School Charities Jan.—Dec., 1952

It is not generally realised how very many deserving causes still rely on Voluntary Contributions to enable them to function. We should have found no difficulty whatever in helping more than thirty-seven such causes, if we had had more money! As it was, we had to weigh the pros-and-cons of every appeal very carefully to ensure that our help was given where we felt it was most needed. The task was made harder, because this year our collections totalled barely £45, only about three-quarters of the sum collected last year; and this represented considerable hard work on the part of the Charity Monitresses.

The high-light of our year's work was a visit made by Charity Monitresses from all Forms, accompanied by Miss Hayton and Miss Wilman, to the R.S.P.C.A. depot in West Wear Street. We saw the dispensary where the veterinary surgeons work and were shown the kennels where lost dogs are cared for until they are either claimed or have to be destroyed. In one sense, our visit could not be called "enjoyable," but it provoked intense interest and a real desire to give practical help. The opportunity for this came very quickly, in the shape of the R.S.P.C.A. House-to-House Collections and Flag Day. Charity Monitresses in every Form recruited an army of helpers, either of Bedans or their older relatives; and our united efforts raised £47/12/7 of the total £262 collected for the R.S.P.C.A. during the week.

D.M.W.

A.H.

Student Christian Movement, 1952-53.

This school year the S.C.M. took on a new form and meetings have been held jointly with the Bede Boys' Society. Owing to the boys' different outlook on our problems and their vigorous discussion, our joint meetings have been very stimulating.

We have been studying the Holy Trinity in preparation for a conference to be held on March 7th, when the subject will be "The Image and Personality of God." We have been greatly helped by the excellent speakers who have addressed many of our meetings. Every third week we have discussed points raised in the previous two talks. Although the speakers were drawn from different denominations, all stressed the importance of holding an orthodox view of the Trinity.

An excellent aid to this study is the preface to "Letters to the Young Churches," by J. B. Phillips. Here we are reminded of the "blazing light and purity" of God: because of the awe we feel, we must, as sinners, approach Him through Christ, "a real and safe bridge."

The doctrine of the Holy Trinity is a difficult one which has puzzled many, but, as its complete understanding is vital to all Christians, we feel that through our discussions and conference we are performing the vital task of learning to know God more fully.

KATHLEEN MOSES (Secretary).

Music**The Orchestra and Choirs**

The Senior and Junior Choirs, the Orchestra and the Recorder Group have taken part in the end-of-term concerts and the P.T.A. Parent-Pupil entertainment.

The String Section of the Orchestra has led the school at morning assembly. We have recently purchased an oboe to augment our wood-wind section.

The Choirs have performed at a non-competitive festival at Sans Street Church and have sung at both Speech Days. The Junior Choir visited Redby Infants' School to give a short recital of Christmas Carols, accompanied by three "big sisters" from the Senior Choir, who each sang two solos. The Senior Choir, as is customary, joined with the Boys' School Choir in the service on Founders' Day.

Members of the school were invited to the Boys' School to hear recitals by Lambert Flack's wood-wind quartet and by the Camden Trio. In our own school we have had the pleasure of entertaining the Fairhurst Trio.

This year most of the musical energies of the school will be devoted to the production of Purcell's "King Arthur," which we hope to present at the end of April.

MARGARET COATES, CAROLE DAVIDSON.

The Edinburgh Festival

On August 18th, 1952, three members of staff and twenty-eight pupils visited the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama.

Mornings were spent in walking, while sight-seeing and shopping occupied the afternoons. On Thursday, a visit to the Freemasons' Hall to hear the Amadens String Quartet was organised. The places which we found most interesting were the Castle, the Palace of Holyrood House, St. Giles' Cathedral, the Zoo and the Open-air Gardens.

Special outings to concerts were planned for each evening. On Monday we went to the Castle to the Military Tattoo, a thrilling spectacle of glittering pageantry. The following night was spent at the Usher Hall, where the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under its conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, played two Mozart symphonies and "Ein Heldenleben," by Richard Strauss. On Wednesday we saw Charles Morgan's play "The River Line," at the Lyceum Theatre. It was a play of contrasting moods, with the exciting theme of the French Resistance Movement during the last war. On the last night, and perhaps the most exciting for us, we went to the King's Theatre to hear Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" ("The Magic Flute"), sung in German, by the Hamburg State Opera Company.

We returned on Friday, bringing with us a wonderful memory, and feeling very grateful to the three mistresses who had organised our holiday so successfully.

CAROLE DAVIDSON; MARGARET COATES.

Drama

During the Spring Term of 1952, the English staff and members of the Senior School were engaged in the production of "Twelfth Night," by William Shakespeare. Two performances were given near to the date of the school's birthday and those of us who were concerned were well satisfied with the results. We remember how well Miss Metcalf and Miss Holmes undertook the exacting parts of Sebastian and Maria. We recall the dignity of Margaret Berry's Orsino, the vivacity and sincerity of Marjorie Pattinson's Viola and the hilarity provoked by the antics of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and company. Our thanks are due to all those mistresses and girls who did so much unseen work to make the production a successful one.

M.C.

The Modern Events and Historical Society

President: Miss W. J. E. Moul.

Vice-President: Miss A. Hayton.

Secretary: Norma Miller.

Chairman: Julia Reed.

Treasurer: Miss K. T. Heslop.

The Modern Events and Historical Society continues to hold its meetings once a month, although the day has now been changed from the second Tuesday to the third Wednesday in every month.

In September we had a visit from Miss Stafford, a teacher from Kitwe, in Northern Rhodesia, who gave a talk on "Life in the Copper Belt." Our November meeting took the form of a discussion among ourselves about the troubles in Africa.

Two of our members, Beryl Berry and Vera Bage, went to London at New Year to attend the conference organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, and at our January meeting they gave us their report.

At the end of May, it is proposed to make an excursion to the Roman Wall in conjunction with the Classical Society. Our route will be via Chopwell to enable us to see something of the work of the Forestry Commission.

The Council for Education in World Citizenship

The C.E.W.C. Conference for 1952, which was held in London during the Christmas holidays, proved to be very interesting. All the speakers were prominent members of the political and social worlds.

Every available seat in the Central Hall, Westminster, was occupied by students from many schools in the United Kingdom.

The lectures were treated clearly and simply, so that everyone understood the serious problems under consideration. We were disappointed that Mr. Eden could not attend, owing to an important Cabinet Meeting, but Mr. Nutting deputised competently for him. Other speakers included M. André Philip, Mlle. Eve Curie, Dr. Heinz Koeppler, Mr. M. J. Sudjic, from Yugoslavia, His Excellency M. Jerzy Michalowski, the Polish Ambassador, His Excellency Dr. Subandrio, the Indonesian Ambassador, Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P., and Mr. Herbert Agar, the American journalist.

After the lectures, questions were asked by the "M.P.'s of tomorrow," as Mr. Agar described the students, when the speakers had a gruelling time, finding satisfactory, non-committal answers to the questions put to them.

The discussion groups were very well attended and extremely lively. Here were thrashed out problems arising from the lectures, and summaries given by student-reporters on the last day showed that the topics had been given much thought.

A fitting climax to a very successful week was the Brains Trust, followed by a presentation to Mr. David Ennals, secretary of C.E.W.C., who was leaving to take a more responsible position in U.N.O.

BERYL BERRY; VERA BAGE.

The Senior Debating Society

In our second year as an Inter-Schools Society, we have debated a variety of motions. There have been discussions involving politics, broadcasting, and changes in Britain during the last century. Already the India Cup Debate, a religious discussion, the Bi-Annual Cup debate and a staff debate have been held. The staff debate was enjoyed by all and attracted a large audience. We are looking forward in the near future to the Officers' Cup debate. A public meeting, held for the first time last year, was so successful that it has been decided to hold another during this season.

This term, for the first time in the history of the society, a girl, Josephine Baxter, has been elected as President.

Although attendances have been fair, more support from the Fourth and Upper Sixth forms would be welcome.

MARGARET SHORT (Assistant Secretary).

Science Society

Meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month and are always well attended, especially by Fourth Form members. This year, Miss Harding is our Chairman.

The Annual Outing was held on Thursday, May 29th, when we visited Carr's Biscuit Factory, at Carlisle, and also Brampton Tarn, where we stopped for lunch. Some of the senior girls were able to gather floral specimens near the tarn.

In October, Pat Curry spoke to us about her recent visit to Hong Kong, and in December, Mr. Jefferson showed us a very interesting film called "A Ship is Born." In November we visited Powley's Mineral Water Factory, and in February we were shown round the Cosmos Factory.

MARGARET COPPIN (Secretary).

French for Pleasure !

At four-thirty on a warm afternoon in April, a party of twelve Bede girls congregated at Sunderland Station and awaited impatiently the arrival of the train which was to take them to Harrogate for their week's French Course. At Harrogate two French ladies hustled the twelve Bedans plus luggage into two taxis. We arrived at the school, which had previously been two large houses and which had been converted into a Boarding School. We were conducted by Mademoiselle Renson round the house and were shown our dormitories, but as she chattered excitedly in French, we learnt very little from this tour.

No one slept very much that night, the result being that there was pandemonium in our dormitory at five minutes to eight next morning, the rising bell having gone at seven when most girls were just going to sleep. Breakfast followed at eight o'clock, after which the day's mail was distributed and instructions given. Lessons began at nine o'clock and consisted of six half-hour periods—conversation, reading, dictation, composition, grammar and singing, followed by lunch at twelve-thirty.

We were allowed to do as we wished in the afternoons. A few outings to Fountains Abbey and Knaresborough and a visit to a theatre were arranged. Everyone had to be back for supper at seven, which was followed by one hour's preparation.

At the end of the week all pupils took part in a Fancy Dress Parade which was followed by a concert, including French songs, poems and a play acted by pupils studying Advanced French.

The week ended too soon and everyone had enjoyed the vacation, despite about twelve gruelling hours of French in one week.

VALERIE NORTHORPE; JOYCE BATHGATE.

The Guild of Old Bedans

The Editors of "The Bedan" would like to offer their warm thanks to the Guild of Old Bedans for their friendly interest in the school magazine, and for their generosity in giving, once again, two prizes for essay competition.

The subjects, set this year by the Classics Department, were "A Woman of Rome" or "On First Reading the Aeneid," for the Seniors; and for the Middle School, "My Favourite Classical Legend." The prize-winning essays were submitted by Margaret Shorrocks and Pat Humnam.

A Woman of Rome

In Rome a girl was betrothed when she was about ten. This ceremony was rather like the present-day engagement and was not binding. She was married when she was thirteen, before she was old enough to know her own mind. If she were not married at nineteen, she was regarded as definitely "on the shelf."

Marriage was not for love but for duty, duty to the state to provide male children for its service, and duty to keep up the sacred rites upon which the well-being of the family depended. It was a happy accident if the husband and wife came to love each other. When they were betrothed, the boy placed a ring on the third finger of the left hand. The Egyptians had found that a nerve leads straight from that finger to the heart.

On her wedding-day the bride gave her old clothes to her father's household and dressed herself in a tunic, secured round the waist by a woollen girdle. She wore a yellow cloak and

sandals, and a flame-coloured veil hung over her face. On top of that she had a wreath of sweet herbs. Orange blossom had not then come into use.

The omens were taken and everyone went to offer prayer and to sacrifice to the gods. The couple then joined hands and vowed, "Ubi tu Gaius, ego Gaia."

After the wedding breakfast the festivities went on until nightfall. Then the bride, two of her husband's friends holding her hands, went to her home. Others in the procession carried torches, and her bridesmaids bore her distaff and spindle. She carried three coins, one representing her dowry for her husband, one for the "lares" of his house, and one for those of the nearest cross-roads. Nuts were thrown for the children to scramble for. She smeared the door-posts of her new home with fats and oil and wreathed them in wool. Then she was carried over the threshold to avoid an ill-omened stumble. She received gifts of fire and water from her husband, showing that he entrusted to her the running of his household. Next day a banquet was held as a house-warming party.

The Roman matron, still in her early 'teens, wore a distinctive garment. When she went out, passers-by made way for her. She never left her home unescorted or without her husband's knowledge. She was in charge of the household and was addressed as "Domina." She joined her husband at meals but sat while he reclined, and did not drink wine. She was consulted on ordinary matters but was expected to remain silent when politics or intellectual questions were being discussed.

It was easy to get a divorce for the man had only to say, "Take your things away," and the wife to reply, "Keep your things to yourself," and they were divorced. In Rome divorces became so frequent that Seneca, the philosopher, said, "No woman need blush to break off her marriage, since the most illustrious ladies have adopted the practice of reckoning the year not by the names of the consuls but of their husbands."

The woman of Rome wore clothes very like her husband's and dressed simply. Her main object in life was to remain in her house and provide a happy home for her husband and children.

Athletics

Hockey

So far during the season 1952-53, the 1st Senior XI has played eight matches, and has won six, drawn one and lost one.

The following girls are members of the first team: Margaret Coppin, Gillian Garnsworthy, Shirley Green, Anne Mawson, Valerie Naisby, Edith Osborne, Margaret Parker, Marjorie Smith, Sheila Thompson, Doreen Wareing, Joyce Young. Colours were awarded to the following girls at the end of last season: Eileen Brass, Shirley Green, Audrey Knight, Edith Osborne, Joyce Young.

Umpire's whistles were awarded to eight girls last season and to fifteen girls this season. We are justly proud of the latter as only seventeen people in Durham County have passed the written paper of the "C" Umpire's Test this year.

Netball

For the season 1952-53, the 1st Senior VII has consisted of the following players: Kathlyn Bates, Jean Bell, Ruth Crompton, Dorothy Hawkins, Eleanor Lennon, Rena Musgrave, Joyce Quayle. Of the sixteen games played, four were lost, one drawn, eleven won.

At the close of last season five girls gained their Umpire's whistles: Jean Bell, Brenda Jones, Eleanor Lennon, Joyce Quayle, Marjorie Snowball; Colours were awarded to Jean Bell, Eleanor Lennon, Rena Musgrave, Joyce Quayle.

Rounders

In the summer of 1952, the 1st Rounders IX played only six matches, winning four and losing two. The team fielded well but could not adapt their hitting against fast and slow balls. The following girls played on the 1st Senior IX: Margaret Coppin, Winifred Jude, Patricia Kirtley, Marjorie Snowball, Joyce Young, Jean Walls, Marion Leece, Anne Mawson, Edith Osborne. Colours were awarded to Winifred Jude, Patricia Kirtley, Marjorie Snowball, Jean Walls, Joyce Young.

Tennis

From a competitive point of view, the 1st Tennis VI did not have a successful season during 1952. Ten matches were played of which three were won. In school, however, interest in Tennis showed a marked increase; entries for the Tournaments proving higher than in the previous year.

The Senior School Championship was won by Maureen Gillis, who now holds the Thompson Shield, and, also, with Peter Liddle, the Mixed Doubles title. Form L.VI.B. won the Inter-form Tournament.

The following girls played on the 1st Tennis VI during 1952: Brenda Allison, Maureen Gillis, Verna Jenkins, Sylvia Middlewood, Pat Naisbitt, Joyce Nisbet (Captain), Jean Petch, Margaret Turnbull. Colours were awarded to Brenda Allison, Maureen Gillis, Pat Naisbitt, Joyce Nisbet, Margaret Turnbull.

Gymnastics Competition

The Inter-form Gymnastics Competition was held on April 9th, 1952 and was judged by Miss H. Thompson, of the Sunderland High School. In the Senior School there was a tie for first place between Forms V.C. and V.Bm., and the runners-up were Forms IV.Ba. and V.Ba. The Junior Champions were Form III.Ba. and the runners-up were Form II.B.

Sports Day, 1952

Sports Day was held on Wednesday, June 18th. The weather proved kinder than in the previous year and spectators were able to enjoy an afternoon of sun.

We were very pleased to welcome Mrs. Thompson, wife of the Director of Education, who graciously presented the prizes and trophies.

The Senior Cup was shared by Forms V.Ba. and IV.Bm. with 28 points each, and Form II.B. secured the Junior Cup by scoring 37 points. The Sports Champions were Jean Walls (Senior), Greta Close (Middle School), and Pat Thompson (Junior).

The Cricket Match with the Fathers had to be postponed to a later date, when they gained an overwhelming victory.

Award of Prizes—School Year, 1951-1952

- JANET TODD for exemplary conduct
and high attainmentsJean English
- MARGARET IRENE MALLEN for
the encouragement of Science Gloria Cohen
Mathematic and Geography ...Margaret Berry
Joan Crompton
Patricia Steeley
June Bestford
- JENNIE SEYMOUR for Latin ...Joyce Clasper
- SHEARER for French in
Fourth FormJean Wolfe
Third FormDenise Kenny
Second FormJoan Lister
- BRIGGS for good work in Geography
in Third or Fourth Forms ...Margaret Short
- ARKLE for ENGLISH IN
Third FormMarguerite Trueman
Second FormValerie Stafford
First FormRose Clarke
- SEDDON for most appreciative work
in Fifth or Sixth Forms
FrenchJean English
EnglishRosemary Richardson
- ORME for Latin in Fifth Form ...Elizabeth McLaughlan
- MARGARET MILLER for Divinity...Verna Jenkins
- STIRK for BiologySheila Thompson
- MRS. HARTLEY for Music ...Joyce Clasper
Pamela Cowgill
- HEAD MISTRESS for History ...Pamela Cowgill
Josephine Baxter
Eileen Edmundson
- HEAD MISTRESS for helpful service
as PrefectGloria Cohen
Jean Petch
- FLORENCE MOORE MEMORIAL
for excellence in Housewifery ...Audrey Hogarth
Sheila Humphrey
- GUILD OF OLD BEDANS for Art...Ann Beggs
Kathleen Moses
Maureen Torbet

For "BEDAN" Competition

SeniorJulia Reed
JuniorDorothy Allen

STEWART for encouragement of

Scripture Study
Sixth FormMarjorie Pattinson
Fifth FormJoyce Bathgate
Fourth FormSheilah Downey
Third FormFreda Hopper
Second FormValerie Cuthbertson
First FormBetty Howat Martha Lockie Ann Irving

DRAMATIC SOCIETY Poster Competition Prize

...Maureen Lofthouse
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GAMES for proficiency in

HockeyPatricia Kirtley
NetballMarjorie Snowball
RoundersJoyce Young
TennisMaureen Gillis
SwimmingMaureen Savage
Best All RoundMarjorie Snowball

Special Awards

Domestic Science "Robson" Cup ...Sheila Humphrey

Hockey

Junior CupForm III.C.
"Bruce" Senior ShieldForm V.Bm.

Netball

Junior CupForm III.C.
"Nicholson" Senior ShieldForm L.VI.B.

Rounders

Junior CupForm III.C.
"Briggs" Senior CupForms U.VI. and V.Bm.

Tennis

"Thompson" Singles ShieldMaureen Gillis
"Lodge" Senior TrophyForm L.VI.B.

Swimming

"Mrs. Hedley" Junior CupShirley Butler
"Mrs. Hedley" Senior CupAnne Mawson

Games Best All Round

"Joseph" CupMarjorie Snowball
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Gymnastics

Junior CupForm III.B.a.
"Charlton" Senior ShieldForms V.C. and V.Bm.

Sports

Junior CupForm II.B.
Senior CupForms V.B.a. and IV.B.m.

Sports Champions

Junior SchoolPatricia Thompson
Middle SchoolGreta Close
Senior SchoolJean Walls

Special Badges for exceptional play	Verna Jenkins
in Junior County Hockey Team	...Patricia Kirtley Audrey Knight

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

In July, 1952, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examination of the General Certificate of Education at **ADVANCED** and **SCHOLARSHIP LEVEL**: Margaret Bassett, Margaret Berry, Margaret Botcherby, Eileen Brass, Joyce Clasper, Gloria Cohen, Pamela Cowgill, Thelma Doberman, Jean English, Alma Gowland, Verna Jenkins, Marjorie Pattinson, Rosemary Richardson, Margaret Sumner.

On their results in this examination State Scholarships were awarded to Jean English and Pamela Cowgill.

The following girls were successful in the examination of the General Certificate of Education at **ORDINARY LEVEL**: Marjory Allan, Brenda Allison, Kathlyn Bates, Joyce Bathgate, Anne Baty, Ann Beggs, Jean Bell, Dorothy Bellerby, Moira Bevin, Marion Brown, Brenda Byers, Patricia Chisholm, Margaret Coates, Mary Coates, Anne Coxon, Joan Crompton, Lilian Crossley, Patricia Cruddas, Audrey Cullingham, Judith Culyer, Patricia Curry, Carole Davidson, Elsie Donkin, Shirley Donkin, Irene Dunn, Gwendoline Fenwick, Margaret Fitzgerald, Jean Forster, Maureen Gillis, Eleanor Graham, Elsie Gray, Shirley Green, Norma Hall, Jeant Hanson, Helen Hatcher, Lesley Hayward, Anne Heads, Joan Hedley, Audrey Hogarth, Lilian Howes, Audrey Hugill, Pauline Humphrey, Sheila Humphrey, Maisie Hunter, Jean Jackson, Joyce Jackson, Patricia Jackson, Nora Jennings, Audrey Johnson, Rita Johnson, Elizabeth Joicey, Brenda Jones, Winifred Jude, Pauline Kelly, Rose-Marie Kent, Verona Kerr, Joyce Lautebach, Barbara Lee, Norma Lumsden, Eileen McCree, Sheila Macdonald, Patricia McGahan, Janet

McKerell, Elizabeth McLaughlan, Joan Maconkie, Maureen Makel, Florence Marshall, Anne Mawson, Jean Mellentin, Gladys Milburn, Norma Miller, Kathleen Moses Patricia Naisbitt, Margaret Newton, Joyce Nisbet, Valerie Northorpe, Sheila Oliver, Margaret Parker, Jean Petch, Hilda Potts, Moyra Prior, Serena Queen, Julia Reed, Mary Reid, Gillian Rhymer, Enid Richardson, Jean Robertson, Margaret Robinson, Eileen Robson, Gwendoline Rylance, Sylvia Sandall, Muriel Searle, Dorothy Shipley, Heather Shires, Audrey Sidney, Eleanor Smith, Marjorie Snowball, Patricia Steeley, Vera Stevenson, Audrey Swales, Florence Swalwell, Dorothy Tate, Muriel Taylor, Sheila Thompson, Maureen Torbet, Doreen Tucknutt, Jean Walls, Patricia Weightman, Joan West, Anne Weston, Mary Wilkes, Ruth Wilson, Dorothy Youldon, Audrey Young, Joyce Young, Margaret Richardson, Margaret Botcherby, Eileen Brass, Thelma Doberman, Verna Jenkins, Marjorie Pattinson.

Elizabeth of England

Elizabeth, the gracious Queen of England
 And all the vast dominions overseas,
 May love and wisdom be your guiding star,
 And happiness by every hour increase.
 In England and in countries near or far
 May life be gay, and never fail to please.
 May pleasure hand-in-hand with duty go,
 And sunshine light the path on which you tread,
 To guide you through the years which lie ahead.
 Your subjects raise their hearts and shout again,
 "God save the Queen. Long may she reign."

VALERIE STAFFORD, Form III.C.

The Military Tattoo

Our visit to the Edinburgh Festival began with the wonderful spectacle afforded by the Military Tattoo. We climbed up the steep slopes to the Castle parade-ground, following the crowds in the gathering dusk. The keen, sea wind from the Forth blew on our faces as we looked down on the city, studded with twinkling lights. Away to the West, the hills rose black against the fading light. Darkness fell swiftly as we found our seats. During the bustle of settling down, we noticed two T.V. cameras alongside the powerful searchlights. The lights went on in the Royal Box while V.I.P.'s in resplendent uniform were ushered to their seats—the lights went out and we waited expectantly in the dark.

The Castle gun crashed, and the parade ground was flooded by the blinding white beams from the searchlights, which showed the motionless figures of the trumpeters. To our right, the Castle glowed in a golden light. After a brilliant fanfare, the scarlet-clad figures stood silent again. Then, from far away, borne on the wind, came the first faint notes of the bag-pipes. The crowd hushed, all eyes turned to the gates of the Castle. Louder and louder grew the music with the rhythmic beat of drums and feet. Out through the gate came the pipers, kilts swinging, silver buckles sparkling in the glare, leggings gleaming white, each man straight as a ramrod. Moving as one man in perfect slow march, they swung down the parade ground. The drum-major went like a king before them, whirling his silver-headed baton in time to the throbbing drums. The men broke formation in march and counter-march, then ended by going as they came, with the pipes dying away in the distance. Following the Dutch Military Band, the R.A.F. gave a faultless drill display. Not a word of command was uttered, the men going through their complicated routine to the tap of a drum. The perfect grooming of the sleek French horses drew gasps of admiration as they pranced sedately forward to the music of their riders. They were followed by the massed military bands who filled the parade ground with an everchanging kaleidoscope of vivid colour and music. The Tattoo ended with a historical pageant showing the dress of Scottish regiments during the last century, then every one rose for the playing of "Wilhelm Van Nassau," "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the Queen."

CAROLE D. DAVIDSON, Form Scholarship VII.

Nocturne

(after Henri de Régnier).

The lilac flowers are shaken by the gentle evening breeze,
And fall in fragrant heaps on the ground beneath the trees.
The tiny blossoms stir and rustle 'neath my tread,
But my happiness has fled.

The gentle ring-doves coo from the rooftops all around,
The quiet evening saddens with the tender, brooding sound.
Plucked feathers from their plumage are floating in the air,
But sorrow hovers there.

The fountain in the bird-bath is splashing with a sigh,
 The sleepy water ripples beneath the evening sky,
 And at its shivering brink the starry flowers shake,
 Vague memories awake.

With its folly and confusion comes the night with silent tread,
 The breeze no longer stirs and the gentle dove has fled.
 The fountain is lamenting with plaintive, rhythmic sighs,
 I see your shining eyes.

ANN D. WATT, Form Secretary, VII.

Dream of Death by Water

My legs feel strangely weighted and my body is heavy as lead,
 And I cannot move or struggle, neither have I tried.
 Bemused, not horrified, I feel, though long ago it was,
 The waters closed above my head.

Though all is dark around me now, for little light can seep
 Through the ranks of ocean shadows, floating hair I see,
 The mermaid hair of weeds and seagrass, murk of mud and
 The hidden horrors of the deep. [sand,

Mouthing fish that snake and wriggle hunt their prey from cave
 Nibbling eels of liquid movement, [to cave;
 Staring, formless as a wave;
 Jellyfish—nor shape nor colour—
 Slither by to touch my hands.
 Clammy tendrils round my ankles
 Drag me down to sunless sands.

I know that I am dead now, although I am fully aware
 Of the burbling water round me, suffocating, chill;
 It presses on my eyelids with a weight they cannot bear—
 They open, and I see and feel.

I feel the scuttling creatures go squirming under their shells
 In the sand where I lie buried, and they shall pick my bones.
 I see this undulating world of mouths and claws and gills,
 And eyes as cold, as blank as stones.

But suddenly, O wind from heaven ! I breath pure air like wine
 Awakening to morning sunshine, noise of life, street calls.
 Solidity of warmth and brightness, furniture, square walls,
 Dear, friendly earth, and air divine.

ENID STRAUGHAN, Form Scholarship VII.

Hitch-hiking in France

On a cold drizzly August day last year, I set foot on French soil for the first time. After an hour's tramping along the gritty, deserted road out of Calais, we were just about to give up the idea of hitch-hiking across France when transport came, and we travelled the next eighteen kilometres sitting upon a load of sand in the back of a small lorry, on the first lap of our ten days' journey.

Our first night was spent in a charming old-fashioned hotel in St. Omer, and our spirits rose considerably after fourteen hours' rest in a bed which was so high that we had to climb up by means of a chair. The next day dawned bright and warm, and we were fortunate enough to reach Paris early the same evening. During the day we were enchanted by the French countryside. The apple-trees lining the roads were so heavily laden with ripe, red fruit that their branches had to be supported by home-made props. The tiny villages, of a dozen or so houses, with doors opened invitingly and brightly painted shutters, looked peacefully happy.

One day was spent in seeing Paris, visiting Notre Dame, going up the Eiffel Tower, window-shopping and drinking coffee on the boulevards.

The next day we set off on a most enjoyable part of our journey. We saw some of the châteaux of the Loire, and later watched the tanned, almost Spanish-looking women and children picking grapes. The peasant women we saw here were in sharp contrast to the highly fashionable ladies of Bordeaux, the large wine-producing and ship-building town which was our next stop. And after the tiny houses and hotels, furnished with the bare essentials of old, heavy furniture, it was a pleasant change to find carpets and modern furniture in our bedrooms in Paris and Bordeaux.

We followed almost the same route back to the north, spending one hot afternoon in a village near Angoulême, meeting the true French people, who welcomed the diversion of seeing foreigners in the village. We spent two nights in the industrial north-western region, where a plaque on the wall in a street of Douai was a sad reminder that a young Frenchman had fallen there in the face of the enemy, on the day of liberation. Everywhere in this area, the walls were painted with bitterly anti-American slogans. Here there was none of the peace and remoteness from world affairs that we had seen in the villages further south.

On the way back to Calais, we found that every farm kept a fierce, barking dog, but once past the dogs, we met a most hospitable people, who brought out their very best to entertain two English hitch-hikers.

MURIEL HEDLEY Form Scholarship VII.

A Pirate

I am a pirate bold,
I sail the Spanish Main;
Right round the world I go,
Then come sailing back again.

I capture lots of foreign ships,
And take off chests of gold;
I shout out orders to my crew
Who stand there in the hold.

Some people call me Roger,
And others Big Black Lee,
But I'm really David Allen,
And I'm going home for tea.

MAUREEN VINE, Form I.C.

The Harbour

Little tugs, pilot cutters,
Fussing all about,
Big boats, pleasure steamers,
Sailing in and out.

Metal rails, shining paint,
Brilliant in the sun,
Blue sky, tranquil sea,
Enjoyed by everyone.

What a different tale I tell,
When the winter's here!
Rushing wind, misty skies
And wave-swamped pier.

Little tugs, pilot cutters
In the harbour stay;
Big boats on business bent
Await a calmer day.

MARGARET DOCKRAY, Form II.C.

Horses

There's a horse called May,
 Lives over the way;
 She brings us the milk in the morning.
 There's a strong brown shire,
 Installed in the byre,
 With cows that are constantly yawning.

I know a fat cob,
 Who's scared of the mob
 Of people he meets at gymkhanas.
 There's a blue-roan mare
 Who works at the fair;
 She's terribly fond of bananas.

The smallest of all
 Is pushed up our hall
 By a tottering imp we call John.
 It's body's of wood,
 It's really quite good,
 For people like Johnny to ride on.

GILLIAN COLLINS, Form II.C.

Night Stop: Rangoon

The monsoon was in full swing and the rain came down with a vengeance. The 'plane was correspondingly late, the passage had been rough and the customs' officialdom seemed interminable. Green shrubs, which surrounded the airfield, were a welcome natural sight after the mechanism of the 'plane. A mackintosh was useless against such rain, but fortunately it stopped.

On the journey from the airport, the dominating feature of the landscape was a large gilded dome. It seemed as if it must be the centre of the city but, as we neared it, it grew less impressive.

Rangoon appeared the least affected by European civilisation of the Eastern capitals. It has its universities and schools but these buildings are adapted to their environment; many are made of wood and built on piles. The intense green foliage encroached everywhere, and freshened and enriched by the recent storm, new shoots had sprung from the old plants.

As we reached the more populous part of the city, we noticed taps placed at intervals along the street. These were used by the

native inhabitants for washing, a task which they performed on their haunches. Also spaced at intervals were a number of beggars; many of their mis-shapen bodies bore little resemblance to the human form. Bicycles and legs seemed to be the commonest means of locomotion, although a few expensive cars were parked outside some luxurious European bungalows.

Then, with renewed vigour, the rain began again, but the enthusiasm with which it fell was far more encouraging than the miserable English drizzle.

PAT CURRY, Form Upper VI.

The Mountain Pass

The year is 218 B.C. It is October, and snow is falling heavily in the mountain pass. A miserable procession winds its way upwards—a strange sight: a long column of men in armour; and elephants, a bizarre spectacle in the snow. A man stumbles and falls—dead. He is but one of hundreds who have already perished. There is no time to pause. Speed is a vital factor, and already too long has been taken on the journey

The year is 1952 A.D. It is July, and the sun is shining in the Alps. Up the winding road comes the first of a long procession of buses carrying tourists, all eager to see the monastery and the famous St. Bernard dogs, and to walk over the boundary into Italy. They take photographs, buy souvenirs; and in a few hours depart again, down the road where Hannibal marched so many centuries before.

JULIA REED, Form Upper VI.

A River Scene

The wind, blown up from the sea, whistled round me as I stood on the bridge. Behind me tramcars rattled past while the river flowed sluggishly on to the sea beneath the broad arch of bridge. Darkness was falling and one by one, lights appeared as stars in a clear sky. The red and green lights of the ships moored in the lower reaches of the harbour and the yellowish lights of the street lamps, warehouses, docks and buoys shone in the darkness. A tramp steamer chugged underneath the bridge, heading downstream, leaving phosphorescent-tipped waves in its wake. A buzzer sounded and on the ships and quays workmen laid down their tools and hurried away. I, too, turned away, leaving the river: the tramcars continued their rattling progress across the bridge.

VERA D. BAGE, Form Lower VI.A.

Lines

(with apologies to Rupert Brooke).

These I have loathed:

Small, mad flies and wasps gloating
 Over fast-drying streams, watching the last trickle of water;
 The seaside, after rain; fallen trees after the slaughter
 Of a thunder storm; conceited boys and girls;
 Large mouths; and stiff, bleached, artificial curls;
 And the sarcasm of clever people;
 And the squat fatness of a small steeple,
 Shamefully hidden by enshrouding trees.
 Then, picked flowers left lying
 Dying in the sun; and scorched cracked land.
 The loneliness of a forgotten room, and fat nail-bitten hands.
 Snares, snakes, and crooked seams,
 And superstitions, and unfinished dreams.

CATHERINE WATSON, Form IV.C.

Aspiration

Full many a worthy thought is writ,
 And printed in "The Bedan,"
 But full five hundred more are scrapped;
 They'll never reach that Eden.

So, as I sit and chew my pen,
 And strive to gain priority,
 I know that if I fail, at least
 I'll join the great majority.

JUDITH PARKER, Form IV.Bm.

Snowflakes

Cold white opals,
 Clouded diamonds,
 Flowers of the Snow Queen,
 White feathered birds,
 Silent but stirring,
 Dancing, recurring
 Faster and faster and
 Faster and faster:

Come, fall on me,
Cover me, smother me,
Deck me and veil me
In snow crisp and hoar.

BARBARA LEE, Form Upoer VI.

Our Family

Last summer my family and I heard a radio programme which impressed us deeply. It dealt with the problems of the refugees in the Allied Zone of Germany. Examples were given of the poverty of these people, who were unable to return to their own countries because of political persecution. Listeners were asked to help the displaced persons either by sending parcels of food or clothing to the Red Cross, or by "adopting" a refugee family.

The word "adopt" is not intended literally. It means here that a British family corresponds with a refugee family, occasionally sending them parcels and being interested generally in their welfare.

After the broadcast, we all sat in silence for a few moments. Then my mother said: "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

My father, usually reticent about such matters, said slowly: "If you think we can keep it up, I think we ought to 'adopt' a family."

After some delay because of inquiries, we were eventually put into touch with a Polish refugee family. There are three in the family, father, mother, and Karen, their adopted daughter, whom they found wandering in the camp, a lost orphan, ignorant of her parents, birth, and native country.

The family live in a room in one of the many barracks which make up the camp. Although their present is not happy or fortunate, and their future is even dimmer, Evelore, the mother, says that the refugees keep cheerful and do not allow their misfortune to depress them. There is also a great spirit of neighbourliness amongst them, and they always try to help each other.

An all-male choir has recently been formed in the camp for music is an international language, and they give concerts to the

refugees. In various handwork groups, the men make baskets, and the women do exquisite needlework. Much of the needlework is, however, used for patching already worn-out clothes in the hope that they will last until the next Red Cross parcel comes.

We have corresponded with our displaced family for some months now, and we find great joy in it. Evelore herself says that our friendship means more to them than any material gift. It is a cheering thought that we are of real use and help to some of our less fortunate fellow-creatures: They in their turn pay us too great a compliment by calling us "the British friends who will not forget."

DOROTHY NEW, Form IV.C.

Hunting

Submerged in misty depths it lay,
Softly gleaming, tinted grey,
Ever evading the seeker's gaze,
Vanishing into a ghostly haze:
He seeks it again, it slithers away,
Out of the shadows where it lay,
Slowly gliding, it draws a-nigh,
Still escaping the hunter's eye.
It pauses now, he dives with hope,
And firmly grasps, at last, the soap.

MARGARET LUMSDEN, Form IV.B.a.

Ballet Magic

The violins begin to sing;
The harps with their rippling music start,
And countless eyes are turned to watch,
As the crimson velvet curtains part.

Drifting across the empty stage,
Caught in the beams of encircling light,
A figure floats with arms outstretched,
As graceful as a bird in flight.

A flutter of glimmering white, and then
 The stage is a strange enchanted glade
 Filled for a while with faery forms,
 Until the notes to silence fade.

In a dream-like world for a little space
 While the music and the dancing blend,
 We live, till the crimson curtains close,
 And the magic hour is at an end.

JEANNE HAYTON, Form III.C.

The Bede Hat

Touching eyebrows; pulled down flat,
 Thus I wear my first Bede hat.

Then as elders laugh at me,
 I place it further back, you see.

Once so crisp, and fresh, and new,
 Now 'tis turning faded blue.

Then as time goes quickly by,
 I wish it from my head to fly.

But when it comes to my last day,
 I wish it could upon me stay.

VALERIE M. WILLIAMSON, Form Lower VI.

My Contribution to "The Bedan."

Already having been in trouble for spilling my tea over the tablecloth, I thought it wiser to go up to my room to do my homework.

I sat at my desk with a clean sheet of paper in front of me. I sat thinking for a few moments, then I filled my pen and wrote a line of five words on the paper. Feeling cold, I got up to light the gas fire. I sat down once more and, taking up my pen, I sucked it and began drawing patterns on the blotting paper. After filling both sides of the blotting paper with patterns, I got

up again and took a sweet from my hidden store. Another five minutes ticked by, and having thought of everything that was not suitable to write about, I took up my book and had nearly finished reading it when mother called, "Supper-time, everybody."

I shut the book with a sudden start and looked at the sheet of paper on the desk. There were still only five words written on it: My Contribution to "The Bedan."

VALERIE WILKINSON, Form I.C.

Pot-pourri

Previously, pards plus puffins pursued prehistoric, psittaceous pterodactyls. Pterodactyls preached powerfully: proud pterodactylic pacifists proceeded ponderously preparing peace-terms, producing paganish palaver plus painful palindromes:—peace plans perfected!! Panegyrics pleading peace proceeded. Penitent puffins penalised poor pards. Poverty-stricken pards pranced peremptorily. Perchance perpetual perdition proved perceivable? Pards proposed pact. Pacification plus philanthropic policy pursued: pacifying puffins, pacified pards plus pleased pterodactyls.

FIONA ELVIN, Form Lower VI.

